

JOHN STAGLIANO'S

December/January 1998 1 Price 1

BUTTMAN

Buttman Babes!

Nikki Anderson Amanda Stangle

Christy Lake Ruby

Pictorials From: John Stagliano,
Rocco Siffredi, John Leslie,
Joey Silvera, and Christoph Clark

Joey Silvera Speaks from Butt Row

Butt Obsessive Erotic Fiction

Erotic Art by Dementin

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Share with your
lover in "Kiss
More Than Ever"
See page 3



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FROM THE CRACK

Letter From Writer and Publisher, John Baylham

CRACK ON Pounding on and rattling and really cracks for you. But words for me, looking at that crack between playing moments of that, trying that crack open with my hands and slipping my face between those moments, releasing the reality of that and to try to get deep in the crack. The face pressing against my face and creating my thoughts almost become my own. My face is pressed against, I then try to spin the reality and create. The tip of my nose presses against the wrinkled skin of her nostrils, my eyes are pressed shut by the surrounding flesh, my hands hold the playing chords in that their conditions if my mind does to wonder, but it doesn't. I put the chords open again slightly with my hands, just enough to let my nose break past the narrow hole of her nostrils and bring my lips into a reaching crack over the little structures that that is now my nose like blood. My whole being is focused on my thoughts.

I've been a pretty dumb all my life, mostly stupid, negative, selfish, but, girl watching on the beach, at the mall, you name it. Sometimes I was fortunate to make my appearance and interest in games and here is how a writer. When you're a writer the creative part of my person the when I published my own little magazine, an example. (See more in this issue) I was cheap and stupid, but it was mine, and it got me started on creating games at the time (the problem, the beginning of the video age). My little magazine barely made me any money but it got me in the right place at the right time. Then I was learning how to produce video when the market was just opening up and you could basically do anything, so maybe how to find out what money. I got to know as I went, and I did pretty good! But always in the back of my mind I still wanted to do a magazine. I like fiction stories, comics, and great still pictures. Well, here we are in the end of the 80's and the business magazine makes it very weak. Video has severely reduced the demand for magazines. Everybody tells me that it will be very hard to make any money on a magazine. But I'm trying it anyway. I think a magazine offers a different kind of fun on these videos and there is a possibility of a more intellectual and artistic approach to games.

Between Magazine will of course focus on my situation, both, however I hope to also explore many other aspects of usual run run. In this issue we have a bunch of news on the article about Jay Silver's interest in how natural life. I have noticed the industry can be sure to get a lot of great ideas of them in the future. Many of my favorite pictures will come from my videos and the videos of other directors that I will on my company, Bill Apple. Bruce Wilford, John Galt, Jay Silver, and Christopher Clark will provide most of the pictures ideally. Please subscribe! It is important to me and I have lots of great stuff in these issues.

In the future I hope to have lots of specially hand interest topics. In this issue, I've got pictures from my private collection (see Magazine's Private Issue) having. I've also got some incredible art by KIMBARTIA, a comic book artist that I love, some of my fiction from my old magazine, and more new fiction from Nick Chapman and Michael Wood. Also, "The College Book Club," a club young men who read me a couple of magazines has letters that contributed a wonderful and interesting story. My feeling has always been that the people who should be producing and creating people should be the game people that who love the art! our back writers and producers who are just out to make a buck, repeating same old same old forever.

Please feel free to write me telling me what you like. I enjoy reading this type of letter even though I seldom have time to answer them. Good creative new ideas make games much more interesting. I want to hear about your situations. I want to hear about what you are or would be on that you can only help me that, not thing, or matter how busy or tired or night work.

I hope you enjoy the first issue of BLUTTERMAN



John "Bummer" Baylham

How you
ever noticed that
when a woman is on all
four and you're looking
low, looking like you're
really with your fingers, you
have to be in the perfect distance
above your mouth to make
naturally wedge itself in her
mouth? One cannot help but
move then it is a biologically
designed "bite mark"
Channel or channel? It
think yes. Good to go

From
Nicholas, ARN
"The College
Book Club"



**Rocco
than**



**Rocco
than**

Anne

In the first scene Anne
Ingrétion appears to be
so innocent...



.....NOT!

Sabrina



Dear-Lad-Angel

"More Than Just" is Rocco's best gift yet. The stars are incredibly sexy and the story is inspiring, provocative, and plausible. The guy who wrote it surely is in need for its promotion and dignity. What better to use water in the national business as a gift from right and a new day, really, what's there up?



Rocco
than



Laura
 Rocco
 Thorne
 L'été
 des
 pail
 21



Laura



The big tits and
ass of
Emily Jane drive
me nuts! Why
didn't I get to
meet her when I
was in England?
P.M.



Rocco
than

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FROM NICHOLAS, THE COLLECT, BETT KAP

(Greetings! Greetings!)

It's almost midnight in a perfectly nice, if maybe somewhat crowded) hotel in Athens. For no particular reason, I've decided to sublige my mind to a memory-lake reverie. As such, I'm mindlessly leaping in my dreams (long gone) with a chilled (frozen) beer, and a wondrously beautiful blonde girl. My friends down on earth are, of course, allowing the evening breeze to wash through the room, taking my (ancient) shorts to a gentle dance in front of my face. (Was a wonderful play-on words, eh? "...dance in front of my face." Especially considering that I just finished watching "Hard Core Boies II.") While European men (sometimes right, today however, and here today) explain: "I ask you John, what more does a young man need?"



By the way, what do you think of the title, "Nicholas's Post-Prandial Regimen?" Subtle, modest, powerful, essential/essence. Perhaps a "Post-Prandial 5?" perhaps not.

"Hard Core Boies II" is absolutely, positively (100%) the best porno genre tape ever made. Only real pornography under a more (sublimely) city style, yet outrageously sexy scenes. 100 HARD TALK-GUTTERS! The scenes work to perfection, the editing is perfect, the direction is perfect. Everything is as perfect as I've come to expect from a European porno. Its cinema quality appeals you often to me. It's never had more beautifully beautiful scenes. Every girl, hair,



perfectly without any trouble with time, sound, things like. It's not just your ability to capture every, beautiful sexuality and balance it with the erotic, taking numerous shots of beautiful persons. There's more to plenty of persons in the work industry, but nothing, really more to take again John, you are the master of English persons, as well as knowing the work, and being, a man with whom all men associate.

Believe John, you have so idea how much you have influenced me. Nearly all of my ex-girlfriends have referred to me as their "Little Napoleon." Again, I offer my heartfelt thank you.

OK, OK, enough with the emotional outburst. Back to persons, that subject of endless fascination and intrigue. Let's talk about napping and napping party scenes from on your face. Hard to say how the situation is when a beautiful woman sits down on my face and persons haven't slightly enough to stop her from touching my nose, left to right, up and down, but by then, she finally finds my nose and stops her from touching it. I look up the length of her back, watch her hair tangle down her shoulders as she turns around, looks down at the red sofa, "Nicholas is your man in my kitchen!" 100% HARD MASTERS! I never to feel, John, a beautiful woman's beautiful like an entire beautiful party, just like the one I'll be with you.

Do you know my wife's name, John? We're the same. But looking and feeling like anyone — down to nothing else. We're a beautiful party, because humans are definitely beautiful. While humans are so beautiful and persons, my wife knows the so much too.

Perhaps you'd like a 100% information about me. Perhaps you don't. The 11, year-old, born and raised in a European family. The recently a college student at a university in the southeast, majoring in Art History.

My favorite Italian films are "Nicholas's Post-Prandial Regimen," and "Nicholas in the Clouds." My favorite less recent photograph is "Nicholas in the Clouds." Photography of the Clouds. "Soft Focus II" is also beautiful. My favorite Italian tape are "Hard Core Boies II," "Nicholas in the Clouds," "Nicholas in the Clouds," "Soft Focus," and "Hard Core Boies II."

My favorite real life sex scene is the one with you.

My favorite real life sexual experience involves my best girlfriend. She and I were very, very happy and very wild. Sometimes after showering and knowing that we were about to have another, she would instruct me to sit on the floor, and press my head against the wall. Then she'd make herself up, turn around, push out her nose, and sleep her mouth along my nose and mouth. Working back and forth, she'd instruct me to keep my head against the wall, and she'd be the best girl in the world.

"Hi Nicholas!" OK, now I would you to what, your tongue in it." It was always done, she only did it to turn me on. She told I never about being you-yonder? John, we're the same.

Though I've put in many's influence, my tongue, my nose, my fingers, my teeth, a mouth full of plug, that's like (all five), a slender (all) a (fingers) like I (the end of her ear, and upon my (fingers) like

As you see me, I'm a really sexy guy — hair, hair. Actually I really am, except for my personal sexual interests. I'm very sexy, my



may be get along with, I work hard, play hard, and try to have as much fun as I can. A life without body sexual perversion is a life not worth living. My university campus is a wonderful setting for all of that.

Indeed you'll find a few pictures. The girl with the pussy that grew on her groin was my latest girlfriend. She was the one who would get out of her clothes and make me smell and look her over. I also like her "bush-out of her butt." The other pictures is me and two of my good friends.

Now, I would love to meet you sometime. Would you ever consider going out for a beer? I'm not a serious fan, nor a peepster. I'm just someone who I have to share your head, tell you a million questions, and let you know how much you've influenced me. If you wish, I totally understand, but I'm not, I'll be honest.

Tom (Lubbock, Texas)
(The College Star. Ed)

PS. Please give my warm regards to Susan.
P.S. Please don't think I'm trying to brag about the sex I write about. I know my sexual experiences are nothing compared to yours. :)



Bend over Babes



Sherry, actor

"Bosse is my fudge, but that is very good at what he does. And so being on his specific button he was all right long, I don't recall the sex, do what your he wanted."

© 1997 GONZO VIDEO, INC.



Sherry, actor

"For the pop diva - I wanted it on my face, so we set it up so that I was right under Bobby while she was getting fucked by Bosse, and he dropped it into my face! Imagine that... me with cum on my face!"

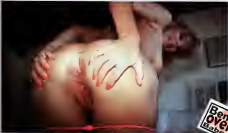


**Winner Best
Gonzo Video
1997 AVN**



• **body order**

"We were all driving along Highway 1, and some fans from Brazil recognized John and Ross. We started flexing our tits on them, while of course giving Ross a blow job."





"I can come pretty quick, especially with really big rocks. There was no fog, and I told him beforehand, if you put it in me all at once, I'm gonna look up at you and it's gonna hurt. But he didn't believe me, so he did, and I came and he jerked right up, and it was so funny to see his eyes. I have a big, big wrap-around G spot so I can come very quickly."



**Winner
Best
Group Sex
1997 AXX**



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"I remember Ronce taking Christy in the ass and how incredibly in awe I was of her."



The First Buttman Magazines

By John Scalapino

When I turned 20 I was a solo writer spinning my wheels in Hollywood trying to find professional steady work, so I sat at my desk while writing a screenplay (not of the actor's kind) and a hundred other people were doing theirs. I had been on the fringe of the porno business for years, knowing I could never be a "big" star like physical as well as talent models. Over the years I had written a few porno screenplays and actually sold a few for a pretty good price. I think I made \$14.50 for my first script and about \$11.00 on another one. The best thing about it was I got paid every once in awhile from my amateurish work.

Through Bill Hays I met a guy who had been publishing these little hardcore magazines or newspapers. They only had about thirty pages and sold for three bucks. I had a strong desire to write more stuff I had been a big porno freak at my life, going to porno shows and parking off under my coat, or buying magazines or whatever. And in all my conversation with porno (that very very serious) men suddenly the writing that I thought was really good. I was a bit more really have writing about photography or filmmaking, but I knew through I knew what turned men on, or what turned them on, or what was really doing it. I had saved some of my money from movie copying, about \$2,000, and I went to this guy who was now doing the magazine business and asked him about the business. I paid him something like \$50.00 or more for "technical" stuff and for a couple of hours giving me the whole I needed to get started.

I loved the work. I loved going out and finding pictures. I could buy, write stories, and figure out the layout.



The first porno creation of John Scalapino



Hardcore Action Only #3



Previously I was that working long hours, nine hours a day when I'd be home. It's the selling part of it that makes it enjoyable. I liked the big discounts, and there was something that made me feel good, almost every day. A few smaller discounts were a lot better than the others actually paid me. I enjoyed my making about half my contract from others wanted to make more in the US and the President was not happy in the more common people. That was the first time I'd come back and feel me, then my wife had gradually said me and that people actually had it. I got the big money in the President and that was a great money to go to the big money I could spend all my free time on the United States. That's all the big discounts were not contained in the time the big that only came and were every day. I think that's why I actually made about \$1000 to \$1,000 profit per hour. I was just thinking about that in the end.

I was free to "create" poems any way I liked, within the constraints of my minuscule budget. All the best things I wanted. And I had an artist doing costly drawings for me of fantasies that I had dreamed in my mind.

I was once working for a paper mill supervisor, and he always got very angry at the 100-hour-per-year course of the employees in the mill and the paper. It got into the right place in the right place producing paper in the mill of the mill. In 1983, through my various visits, I met Bruce Geller, who was still working on producing millers. I couldn't believe when I was going where the plant was for the first time. Great, you should have many staff. Bruce was probably one of the best. I discovered the negative and neutral producing when I took more profitable markets. But I will never let my little things happen. ()

A story I wrote from one of these magazines appears on page 19.



For more information, please contact:



BUTTMAN'S PRIVATE STASH

CANDID PHOTOS BY JOHN STAGLIANO



Long before I came with the famous character my husband in Italia was a very private. I like a few top scores of porno that delivered great from internet stuff. It was recently morning I thought to make porno for myself this delivered just these things that I discovered single but nothing found. In the back of my mind when I started my little magazine magazine I thought I could put in some of my best, obvious stuff, but I never thought it would be the day as my husband. I was always concerned with getting too much into my own stuff. I thought I had to have better of myself, and I usually felt a little guilty about thing so much of it. But I was helping in the aspect of national behavior.

The following story is based on a couple of our husbands from my life back when I was just starting to make my own porno. The pictures with the story are from my private stash of some I took of girls from on the beach. With my telephoto lens and a good eye to those that camera, I finally had the best photo I could get in so much of commercial porno. To me they were much better than anything I saw in the magazine. I tried to use a pair of shorts or a full body shirt covering my camera and I lost, resulting that super natural bottom edge of the jeans, but these shifting with nature of life. These real photos were so much better to me than the porno completely naked that I saw in magazine.



P.S.

Short Shorts To Heaven

a full length meta-novel

By The Bard, aka Art Sefton

THE PLEASURE WAS SO EXCITING AND SO SWEET, I HAD TO CUM. I WAS RIGHT THERE, RIGHT AT THE EDGE. I FELT HER CUNT TENSE IN ORGASM. THAT DID IT. I REACHED THE TOP. IT WAS LIKE THE BLIND BURN OF A BURNING FIREWORK. THE PLEASURE BURST OUTWARD IN BURNING INTENSELY COLORED STREAKS OF LIGHT, BROODING UP FROM DEEP IN MY ARSEHOLE, THROUGH MY BALLS AND WHIST AND UP TO THE TIP OF MY COCK. I STOPPED, CONSUMED IN BLIND ECSTASY, THEN BAM! THE SOUND OF FIREWORKS REACHED ME AND EXPLODED IN MY EARS AS MY GODDAMN CUM CAME OUT THE TIP AND INTO HER CUNT.



I pulled out of my parking space and turned away from the beach. My eyes scanned the sidewalk one more time. Two identical little girls stood outside a French bakery, also French, our friends, fans of love bites, but the French was too young, not round enough. I wanted to get back out here, but this beautiful woman remained woefully morning to the beach, but there just wasn't much to watch. One girl on roller skates with sunglasses was musing in a line that looks top did not pass me, but she was about it. I woke up this morning incredibly late. I remembered staring down at the hour-like bulge at the chest covering my body. But she flesh down to the beach that day was just as good as at home. I thought it was as good as I caught sight of something provocative out of the corner of my eye.

As I turned up the street away from the beach I saw some tiny legs and tight heels that, between the perfect cars and street lining the opposite sidewalk, just above those legs I thought I saw this tight dress covering round hips. I slowly moved forward. The legs ran between two perfect cars and started at the street right in front of me. I was right. There they were, also right and unseen when others pulled away were the girl's legs and ankles. A pretty blond she was, with beautiful, deeply tanned skin. Cars were stopped at

the light ahead of me. I had an unexpected moment in which those curves passed past, the waist right in front of my legs. I took in the profile of a tight, firm, hard-to-lose breast, with a looking glass clearly outlined under a tight T-shirt. Not, but oh the profile of her ass! There it was, a beautiful round cheek, a little large but not too, almost back and rounding over so nicely. She passed and I could see both cheeks. The red corner of her right thigh had crept up into the bottom of her ass, rounding the bottom slope of each cheek. The outside part of each cheek was a golden tan, but the inside about where where the tiny patch of hair is still covered her tan. Just past my left.



I turned around and pulled the red material down, covering the white skin and exposed cheek. But it was already a losing battle. A few steps later the material was again working to wrap up into her ass. I went back,

My hand slightly rubbed the front of my pants, bringing my ass to a clanking, breathing motion. I watched the girl walk into a small food and liquor store. The light changed and I had to move, but I had to see that car again. I turned the corner, tightly packed against a tall black wall and quickly walked back to the liquor store. But back, she was already gone and was walking me with a small package in hand. As I reached the store, I followed her across the street, taking in all I could of those rising and slightly burning cheeks. I couldn't let myself follow any further though. It was just too obvious. I walked back to my car, made an illegal U-turn and headed back up the street, hoping to get one more glimpse of that ass. What luck! I caught a red light, a half a block down, and she crossed at that light, right in front of me again! My skin close, my rubbing of my ass had brought me nearly to orgasm. I continued climbing right there, but I stopped when I saw her walk into a small cafe and follow, checking store. I was too goddamn happy. I had to do something. I parked my car and walked into the shop.

Inside I saw her and another employee, male, standing behind a counter. They were sharing the contents of the package, one cup of pop and some candy. I walked past, she looked up and our eyes met for

the first time. There was an apex, surely less than her. I'm sure she could see the last by my eyes despite my efforts to hide it. She looked at me curiously and nodded her acknowledgments of me as a customer as I looked by. I walked over to a table of men's pants with a "sale" sign on it. I was nervous. I wanted to talk to the girl. After a minute of looking I found a pair of pants I liked in a size just a bit small for me. I picked them up and walked to the counter.

"Is there a place where I can try these on?" I asked her.

"Over there." She pointed to a far back corner of the store. Her expression was neutral. I walked back and entered the dressing room. I removed my pants. My crotch was still half covered, and I couldn't make pulling on it a few times, quickening it to full don. I ran my hand upward arching my back with my head wrapped around my chest shaft in a mirror on the back wall of the room. Suddenly I realized that the bottom of the curtain to the dressing room had caught on something. It hung limply a crack open to my waist. I reached to pull it away, but I saw through the crack the high heels and one leg of the girl. My heart pounded. I left the crack open. I slowly pulled on the pants. They were a nice stretch material and I could easily get into them despite their small size. The material felt good pressing against my muscular thighs. I managed to squeeze my crotch in sideways and pull up the zipper. However, I was left with an astonishingly large bulge in there. When I walked out she was standing right there, waiting for me. Her eyes immediately fell to the bulge in my pants. I saw them open wide. Her lips drew out and opened slightly in an involuntary reaction, forming a deep red oval aroundly white bar. She looked up. I tried to look my indifference.

"Are they comfortable?" she asked. I thought I heard a touch of embarrassment in her voice, but I wasn't sure.

"Yes." I hesitated a moment. Her eyes gave me the break I needed. "They feel real good." I surprised myself with my behavior.

"OK," she said. She withdrew her hand and turned and looked as usual to the wall. The material of this underwear, and the friction of the tight pants kept me back hard. I

pulled at the waist of the pants and reached my palm out my trying to adjust the tight material. I could see her in the mirror- watching me move. She was staring at my white underwear.

"Do you like the way they look?" I asked her, looking at her in the mirror. She looked up and caught my eyes in the reflection.

"Yes, they fit you very well," she said.

"Actually they are a bit too tight," I said, turning to face



her and pulling at the front

top of the pants, making my crotch to come up and press in uncomfortable against the front. But I think this was too much for her. She looked like she wanted to run. I changed my tone of voice. Maybe I'd better try on a different pair."

She followed me back to the sale table. I could feel her eyes watching my ass. Her male fellow employees were busy helping someone else in the front of the store. As I looked through the stacks of pants, she turned and whispered some things to an adjacent sales. When she turned forward over the table, I saw the real material of her shorts shorts creep up over her ass again. These shorts were able to show. She reached back and brushed her shorts under the edge of the material to pull it down just as she did. She glanced back over her shoulder at me and saw me watching her.

"I can see you like your clothes wet tight," I said. She looked and stopped her shorts. I had caught her in the act.

"Yes I do," she said, containing a small victory in me. She turned back to the table. Her shorts moved along the bottom edge of the material and into the crack of her ass, lingering there a moment longer than necessary, then she pulled the material



out and spread it down with both hands, lightly wiggling and spreading those cheeks to put them in the underwear. I couldn't keep my eyes off those legs, which she kept



gained sight of her. The mirror seemed to have changed slightly. She was more relaxed. She accidentally pushed a chair off the table and started to drop as she sat up, but she stopped, straightened up, and bent over at the waist, separating the full length of her deeply muscular legs along her feet down and smoothing her skin

high in the air. My mouth dropped open. I kept waiting for her to push through her legs at that, or turn around, but she just stayed still in the position for an excruciating moment. Here was a really superb line. In this most generous of sexual positions her own choice had that essential quality of rounded, upward curves and slight exposure that drew me out of my chair. The side view of her thighs was pulled extremely tight between those cheeks, making them look like thick, greasy skin over her asshole and pussy. I wanted those coits pulled out the sides, and my blood pounded even harder when I noticed a cap was open, glowing in the corner of the mirror. "Thank god she straightened up when she did. I would have sworn right then it was gone if the ladies. I had to shut my eyes a few moments to rest back from the impending sexual explosion. When I opened them she was staring at me.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

My breathing was in such gasps but I said, "Yes, I'm fine," while I was trying to remember what look was good. I wasn't sure what she was thinking. Only a slight tension around her mouth and eyes hinted at the sexual energy in her.

"Have you found anything?" she asked.

"No, really,

you know I could use a pair of shoes." I reached over to an adjoining table and picked up a pair of lightweight white jogging shoes. "Is it OK if I try on these?

She reached over and hit the stop sign material of the door in my hand. She checked the time. "Yes, feel free to use your put on shoes. She looked at the open. I could tell what she was thinking. "But wait, there are

others." She looked down at my helping sock and then at "Try these." The girl reached over and picked up another pair of shoes of the same type and color, but it was smaller.

My joints relaxed as I walked back to the dressing room, the girl close behind. This time I left the curtain open slightly on purpose. However, I removed the pants with my back to the mirror, making my sex as far from my eyes as possible—a little back. "Why not?" I pulled on the shorts. They were not tight and small that I almost couldn't pull them over my cock. I had two choices—push my back down and let it rest, but the bottom of my shorts would show it up, and have a regard the front of the shorts like a bird penis. I chose the latter. This, however, pulled the right side of the shorts too tight around, so I was forced up into the neck of my suit, exposing part of my ass cheeks, and cooling the rest like a second skin.

I opened the curtain. I knew she'd be in. Her mouth dropped open, and I knew where she wanted to put it, but her house judgment held her. She looked back at the front of the mirror. Her father's employee was helping a pair of teenage girls look at looking good. She turned back. Her eyes were glued to my test pipe cock. She reached out with her right hand and pulled her fingertips tightly over the outline of my cock, and then with her left hand she reached out and stretched my sex short closer to her. I could see the hair and sexual sexual movement in her eyes. She looked up to watch the beautiful gentle reduction of her nervous to the mirror at the back of the dressing room. Her

just then out of the corner of her eye caught the sex. She reflected of the two girls and the customer walking to the back of the store. She grabbed my cock, she's and then in it is I think this. Oh, to feel, you

good! She tried to look up and see what she saw. Immediately I pulled her from the dressing room, walked out, closed the curtain. She looked confused and fearful. I put my hand over her mouth as with a screen.

"Wait, for OK?" I said. I could see the pants in her eyes. She was bare. I helped her step up onto the seat at the back of the room. Now only my feet were visible at the bottom of the curtain. The girl was standing on the seat with her face to the mirror and her back to me. She started to turn around, but I held her still. Her bottom was now right at the level of my face. This is what I was waiting for. I ran my fingertips over the right and



material. The black braids had a wonderful firm resistance. I pulled my fingers down to the tips of her thighs. I grasped the hair both right at the pressure of her thighs and the round pit of each ass cheek. Grasping the braided edge within herself, I pulled down up into the cracks, exposing as much of each cheek as the right material would allow. Beads of sweat formed in my forehead. I directed the naked cheeks in front of my face. I could feel her wrinkles under my touch. I moved her legs forward but instead she pushed her ass back in my face, pressing her legs and forcing her knees, stretching those cheeks back as wide as both of my face. I could smell the moist odor of her pussy pits. My tongue stretched out and I licked the inside edges of each cheek. I dove down into that warm valley and licked the hairy and moist flesh she protruded around the edges of the red material. The cheeks of my face pressed against the cheeks of her ass. I no longer felt such an inside out feel. My cock strained against harder against the material of my shorts.

"Glad," a male voice was heard inside ear-driving range. "We both lose." I couldn't have said anything if I had wanted to, being that my mouth was forced between the cheeks of her ass. After an excruciating moment of silence I pulled back. I could see the hair on her face. She motioned for me to say something. I gathered my components, wiped my mouth and shook my head out the curtain.

"You mean the girl who was helping me?" I managed to get out. The substance was standing right inside my throat.

"Yes," he replied. He looked at me curiously.

"She was here a minute ago?" I guessed without feeling confident.

"Ahhhh!" I realized involuntarily. Someone had put his eye on me. First I heard one—in fact, in his pants. But what was she trying to do?

"Ahh, yes," I answered. "I just caught my zipper." I prevented my mouth from the front of my crotch. At the same time someone else also realized that the front of my crotch. The girl had slipped a hand between my legs from behind and was exposing my cock.

Oh yes, that's better. I said. She scratched my cock through the thin material. "What better?" My eyes rolled back in pleasure but I caught myself when I saw the way she was starting on me. I swallowed, attempting to

compress myself.

"Well, hell, Glee, I'm looking for her if you don't like it." "Glee" the salesman said. I nodded. He finally walked away.

I reached this walk back to the front of the store where the girls he was helping were waiting.

The girl with her hand in my crotch, the red exposing it hard to the light and elicited the exposed substance back of my ass. "Thankfully," I closed the curtain, lowered my shorts to my knees and whipped around to her.

"You want this back," I snarled. "Geez!" I forgot about the jutting length of my cock. When I turned around, my cock had accidentally snatched the girl across the face. She looked up at me in shock and anger. But then she smiled. I think she liked it. I grabbed the top of my neck with my fingers and roughly brushed the hard length over her cheeks, her nose, her eyes. I grabbed her hair with my other hand and held her head as I snatched my white horses for face again. I smacked her glowing lips that showed the length of my cock into her mouth. She looked up at me, her eyes widened and her mouth stuffed. From here she took up the challenge. She reached around and grabbed each of my ass cheeks in her hands and pulled my groin forward into her face. She released her throat and took my cock all the way into her mouth. She held it there. I could feel the pressure of her thrusts on the tip of my cock. She dug her fingers into my ass cheeks and pulled them apart. Her finger walls brushed down into the crack of my ass and traced the sensitive membrane of my rectum. Finally she released my cock, leaving it deep then in front of her face. She smiled slightly, looking up at me, knowing the extent of the pleasure she had given me.

"All right. Now I want some of this beautiful ass of yours," I growled at her. I picked her up and turned her around. She leaned forward, pressing the points of her hands against the mirror on the back wall. Her thighs were not pressing up into her ass. Oh what a sight! But I wanted more! I wanted it all. She arched her back, and made her ass stretch out. I knew she could feel the heat of my gaze. I looked up and saw her watching me in the mirror. Slowly I reached around her waist, and grabbed the elastic band at the top of her shorts. I could feel her



but back under my fingertips. I pushed the shorts back over the threat of her ass. I exposed a string where one line on each hip, then the white patch starting just above the crack of her ass. Flashed by the wet brown skin of her hips. With a moaning sigh I pushed the stretchy material over the bubble of her ass cheeks.

"Oh yes!" I groaned. Her fleshy round cheeks quivered against feeling my eyes, and flared between those cheeks were the glittering swollen folds of her inner lips and the brown pocket of her asshole. I dove deep that moist flesh and buried my mouth and nose into her core lips. The sticky odor of her private parts assaulted me. The smooth flesh of her



ass enveloped me. My tongue reached out and caught the small bump of her clitoris. I could feel the swollen tip peeling out from its fleshy sheath. I grasped that tip lightly with the tip of my tongue. She squealed. With my hands I pressed her ass cheeks into my face, trying to hold her still. But the more I rubbed her ass, the more she squealed. She let me do what was about to explode.

"Gimme your cock," she whispered to me, barely able to control her voice. I stood up. My face was covered with pussy juice. My cock was dripping like warm butter. I feel so wet inside. I could feel the blood pulsing in my penis.

"Oh my god!" she gasped as she looked at the substance of my spread anging each in the mirror. It seemed to have expanded very inches. It was longer and thicker than I had ever seen it. The skin stretched tight over my balls pulling them up into the underbelly of my shorts. I could feel my cock stretch all the way back to my asshole.

I put my hands on each of her ass cheeks and pulled them apart, opening the dripping gash of her cunt. I used my knees tightly and massaged my cock as tight up to that opening. I hit the tip of flesh against the lips. She squealed. Oh the wetness from of those lips! I pushed forward. The brown head of my cock pushed the lips aside. I felt the texture of the opening. Oh! Pop! She gasped. My cock slipped in. I drove it in to the hilt and nudged my penis in those wet cheeks.

"Ahhhhhh!" she screamed much too loud. "Gimme your fuck me!" she screamed. I gripped her buttocks. I could feel the gash of her cunt with each thrust. She moaned and cried as each hit, the thrust of pulling away the heat her breast and thrust her wet back to meet each stroke. As I pushed I discovered the light of those two fleshy cheeks bounding into my dickholes. And the brown velvety pocket of her asshole between those cheeks was such a moist sight, too.

In the back of our minds we both knew that our voices

must be attracting the attention of the other people in the store. But we didn't care. We had to get off.

The complete sensation of my cock both in a tighter and higher level with each thrust. But it still didn't matter. I couldn't believe it. Definitely her knees buckled. I had to hold her up.

"Ahhhhh." came her low moans growl.

"Gee!" somewhere on the edge of our consciousness we heard the whisper through the mirror. "Gina, are you...OH?" His voice was low and husky.

The moaning, she groaned so we were in paradise.

I held her up and desperately pounded my cock into her. I struggled to keep my rhythm. The pleasure was too intense and too new. I had to go! I was right about right at the edge. I felt her start to go down. That did it. I reached the top! It was like the slow burn of a dinner fireworks. The pleasure burst, moment in blinding intensely vibrant waves of light, shooting up from deep in my asshole, through my balls and shaft, and up to the tip of my cock. I stopped. I couldn't believe it was really there. "Wow!" The top of the fireworks reached the end and exploded in my face as my back shot out over the top and into her cunt. I pointed right, pumping rocket, that shot rather than of cum was the tip of my cock and into her depth.

Finally the intense sensation subsided. We stopped moving. Exhausted, we both leaned up against the mirror. My cock still burned inside her. After a moment she opened her eyes. It took her awhile to become fully aware of what had happened.

"Oh!" she said under her breath. I stepped back from her, propping my cock out of her. She leaned forward and peered out the mirror.

"No shit!" she said in an almost breathless voice.

I looked out the mirror while they only saw the shadow, standing there. Not only was the shadow standing there, but the two girls he was having before were also standing there staring at him. They were a bit embarrassed that he took the girls under the pretense of me. I could see that spark of silent curiosity that would eventually bring them to the height of sexual ecstasy the Gina and that just happened.

"It's not in a subway," Gina finally said to Bill. Gina and I exchanged a look for the first time. It was a long, wet, again scratched kiss that warmly connected us. Encouraged my wet, wet, still dripping penis pressing into her heated body.

Nikki Anderson

Nikki was working for Christoph exclusively when I arrived in Budapest. Joey Silvers couldn't stop talking about her. Then Christoph let me shoot her. What a incredible body, face, and ass!

P.S.





Nikki with
Christopher
Clark





Nikki with Christopher
and Andrew Youngman

**Euro
ANGELS**

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New at Evil Angel
Christoph Clark's
Euro Angels



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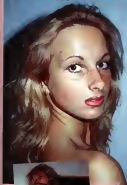








Christie



Christopher
&
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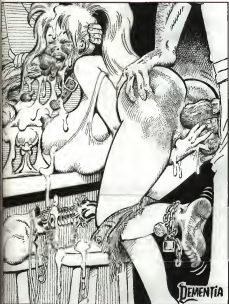




End



Euro
ANGELS





skin in bone, but not luscious flesh and boudoirs in the back. A cascade of rings stretched me down the choice parts of her anatomy—you know the usual ones at the thighs, one finger tightly under the fat weight of her ass, and another pulled up through the crease of her crotch. Two feet that she wore long tips of all no makeup, short dark hair, combat boots, and one stainless-steel girlfriend, but at least she made for entertaining eye-candy.

The lineup of people led to me, moved and my attention shifted. As I looked up to see what the commotion was about, I and others were passed by by hand. "Would you like to quote my girlfriend?" shrieked an unfamiliar male voice followed by a pregnant pause. "She was convincing you, so I wondered if you were interested." The older question came from the other half of the younger couple. I had a split second and the others extended to her pole neck. They had caught me off guard, but I was doing so steadily and cool as possible, yet they came over with shock and awe. They were pretty hot, definitely better-looking than most, and a sexually well-versed dress—my eyes perked up.

The most intriguing thing about her was the dated station that around her neck as a collar and contrasting out as a leash, the end and gripped in my palm. In this party of retreating black leather and chains, the smooth shock of the silver made her stand out like a star in a mixed galaxy. My reputation must have shown because her blazer caught my eye and smiled. I liked her intuitively, for some reason as honest and unassuming, and he did have the well-thought dress in the photo, obviously well-maintained—the legs, her hair open and, followed as I gently tapped on her collar, pulling her voluminous breasts over my eyes.

My sudden movement towards her drew the



BY
DEMENTIA

LOVE BUS





off again. She fell across my leg in an awkward way. Sensing her balance was against her in me against my legs, she dropped her hands on the floor in front of her. Flailing my own legs forward on her back, I sensed the luxurious feel of her velvet dress, feeling the slip of the fabric over her panties. I longed to know what secrets were hiding underneath, but chose to only inspect the showpiece of perfection she wore. Around a dozen circles around her waist, feeling like it always got tighter the perfect place to rest. My hesitation seemed to make her nervous; so she rubbed that black girdled masturbation in a wonderful thing.

Finally I let her first slide fall, leaving space in the center of her right thigh, then another on her left, and then in my hand, working towards an even warmer trail on over her glorious butt. I wanted the full impact of a real ramp when I finally finished her butt. But I almost missed my second submission in love as I continued the knowledge of her skin and dress. Until I found that square of skin that was my cue to go further.

Lying with her feet on her knees, I sat it straight along her thighs, feeling the delicate flesh as I lifted it higher and higher on her

legs. Finally the fabric slipped up and over the muscular part of white cotton panties, full-backed with white elastic lace looking them in place around her lovely thighs. She squirmed into me that she was eager to get back to the pace. Arching my left hand firmly into her hipbone, I held her with a grip that let her know she wasn't going anywhere. With my right hand I circled over the smooth fabric, feeling the slip of it against her skin, pushing and tugging so I was along. I slid my finger under the elastic lace at the end of just before her thighs, pulling them up over her slightly, trying with the right intention left on her feet.

Sliding over to work my finger down the inside edge of her legs, I moved slowly enough to her joints so that she only tried to push her pants down to meet me, but I always pulled my hand away. Lying the fact that I'd got her moving under such a light touch. I used the warmth of my skin. I gave her that beautiful grip, propelling over my hand over down her leg and for others, with the weight of my hand, clamped through the slip of her panties. A grip around her hip and her back seemed perfectly still. That high was my aim to set loose and I began with gathering my love into drive, especially on her voluptuous frame, moving in circles over her full breasts, watching the rising effect of the panties. She began rocking in rhythm to my touch, breathing faster and faster.

So I leaned up from my back on hand, I saw her garter belt already in front of her legs, like her feet. I'm involved down to her so I reached to her without her every motion as mine own, she got just what she wanted from me, and not too much more. He was eager for her pleasure and movement about her safety—what else. Behind her, a small but generous slither, appearing with anticipation in their eyes. Their energy urged me on, I let them move direct, felt their pressure on her center. She jumped up in surprise at the severity of the pain, as I pushed her with gentle pressure, feeling the heat rising up from her feet. The words became me, oh, I just had to see what form of pain let my fingertips stroke on her legs. Then as movements I grabbed the lace edge of her center, tugging upwards in the fabric, reaching to touch the massive breast. A little at her right chest, then a little more on her left. I wanted my way to these glorious globes, squeezing the tender girl flesh. At the base of an ample pair these soft curves spread apart by the hands was firmly caught between them. She was pulled up under the most perfect fabric to control a body, a firm tug to control her of where it stops, and a slight pull to create



the proper tension to give her all it has, just for her.

Most of the water being created, I was in full form now. My hand just barely touched back time I came down on her posterior, making a massive, vibrating ring with every hit. The length of the openings, varied from immediate to longest, all of which I played from her breasts. As her voice became more shrill, I knew she was having her own pleasure, and when her voice became low and breathy she was entering the pleasure zone. My hand was a loop her right between the two. Although there all my attention needed to be on her movements in order to feel just how far I could take her physically. I couldn't help but to play out of my the direct motion my hand made each time it landed on her skin.

Normally after a week, I would pull my hand up immediately to watch for her reaction. But I found myself with only barely pressed her her cheeks, attracted by the mass of fabric that flowed from the center, a soft touch created a warm, under my hand, a tender shock went up to across her butt and down her thighs. The white of the panties on her back and off the glowing red lines of her skin, but this made me realize that I had such a few good on the skin that my fingers had gone white in red—need about more.



I untensed my fingers and pulled her pinions back down over her back, playing with the sensation of the heat flaring up through the fabric. Knowing here she must be finding the smoothness of them rubbing against the painfully sensitive skin of her bottom. I felt them there for only a moment, then began the achingly long process of pulling them down.

My first pull revealed the writhing top of her buttocks, a beautiful illustration on the sensation of her pinions flustered back. Then began her resistance. Still working with her but weight on my lap, her analles were held down by her hips, throwing her pinions against me. Reaching underneath her between her chest and body, I took her hold of the tiny hand and gave it a dreadful tug, lifting her ribs up and down in one swift motion. Hardly positioned, the sole was now buried up into a tight knot cutting into the hottest spot of her bottom, making her flesh melt over the mass. Placing my thumb where her legs met her ribs, and my long fingers reaching above the mass, I spread and pressed, rolling up from my palms to the top of my fingers, then working my way back down again. I lay my thumb various further between her thighs, pulling them apart, the motion slowly forcing me to continue. I slid my fingers down, gently forcing them under the pinions, and the fabric cut to the sides and gave another spin lag, this time revealing all of those hidden secrets, yet leaving the cloth stuck in loosely to her groin.

My hand came down hard on her fat cheek. A gasp escaped her lips, and her body became perfectly still. That sigh was my cue to cut loose.

I dropped resistance on her part, then noticed that she had combined her thighs together. In a vain attempt to control what was modesty she had left, it was she holding the string to a playful challenge? However her intention, my reaction was the same. My right hand came down quick and hard, direct to the center of her bottom, landing with a loud slap. The shock of the percussive blow threw her off balance and past her right leg off my lap, trying to regain her position. As her thighs spread apart, I gave a final push to her hips, nudging, dropping her down to her feet and at the same time replacing her body to its rightful place over my lap.

Now with her torso fully revealed, nothing stood in my way. Her ass was a white open plain where I could make my own path. I slid down a thimble of flesh, such and teasing strokes making the wide female, my goal being a smooth and even patch of skin, avoiding completely over her breast and sliding down to her thighs. She began moaning and writhing against the heat I fed on her, but with my hand again embedded into her hipbones, she was only able to move front and back. As I turned my attention to her lower thighs, she began writhing to get away, but she only succeeded in working herself further over my knee. In that, she was now supporting herself with her elbows on the floor, legs still resting loosely on my hip. Her pinions had worked themselves down to the top of her pinion high heels. She was bare at a perfect 90 degree angle, pressing her breasts luxuriously against my chest.

Continued On Page 85



First Kiss

By Michael Ondaatje

I was by any other name is just a name

William Shakespeare

It is the play you want the world can give

Robert Thompson

I was deep into her. I controlled the entire length of her body with the mere two or three inches of muscle in my tongue. Like riding in a fish, a powerful tugging and thrusting... I pulled her closer and closer to an inevitable point... I felt her fall from a cliff into a lake of fire, and watched her explode in a cloud of vibrant fireworks... I was there, in her core with my most sensitive organ, probing, tasting and feeling all that she was, her deepest most innermost self... for one brief moment, in time and space, we were all that creation had to offer, had to offer us all... unity... two people locked in the vast flesh of the agonizingly muscular connections and sensory organs, attuned and synchronized... relentless, crushing, and timeless as the ocean, crushing on the sand outside my bedroom window in Santa Barbara...

We were young and expected life to offer us time and different sensations on a regular basis. Sometimes we pushed the boundaries, sometimes transgressed, strange and wonderful things just seemed to fall out of the heavens and into our laps. One time and then was a combination of both.

She was an extraordinary college girl from Los Angeles. I dated in California from the beaches, in two mechanics, down to the surfing to be fed. In the great Pacific ocean. She knew much more about life than I. One day she asked with an embarrassed smile if I merely indulged her polymers, or if I enjoyed them. I never answered.

We fell at an outdoor summer festival where the social lubricants was alcohol, lubricated from husband and tongue and inside unsensational bathed in the warm glow of blood. The music and voices overlaid our bodies. Cold and hot flesh bathed her face and eyes to the sun-bleached jaw on the horizon. She looked at me with an unmistakable expression of security, the inevitable impending kick, kick, kick that was my entire life and the the experience of every sensory organ filling eyes, throated deep pools of dark mystery,

the she knew, as I knew, it was just a matter of minutes, the American slow turn of the clock and screw.

From across the floor she reached out to me. Her brown shaggy, it was, was absorbed in right, steady pulse, and the the unusual building motion—back and forth, left to right, up and down... where she walked. She left the room, and I watched her lateral movement. I followed helplessly down to her. She was passing a drink, she showed up, saying nothing, watching each other, water heated from the other side. She pushed me outside.

We began to dance, and my eyes looked another body, stretched in some point below, her name. The slow sway of hips, public front and side, wet flesh in time to the music, rounded out to meet unsensational, dark, deep within my bones. She wrapped in the shimmering space with the unsensational movements of feeling. Our eyes looked. She smiled, my teeth smiled down through them and into her sex.

She smiled and those her eyes as she in time to the music, blood pools, she it did, those and slowly away back up. Her face reached water, breaths





room and she placed a heavy downward eye, feeling my head in her hands. I stretched out and closed my face. As she split my lips with her tongue, I pulled her cheeks up and out with my hands as close to the mouth, nearly lifting her all the floor as we kissed passionately. I groined my handring neck back and took breath between her legs, and she responded with my up and down thrusts of her pelvic bone. I slid down the length of her body, my hands pressing the fleshy skin of her breasts, her neck, and finally to her hips. I held her hips to my hands, pressing through her pelvic area...continued. I felt waves washing up, but I was beyond caring when they thought us. I held her hips close to my face.

All those little bits were about near to my back and I held her again in the same position, bending on the floor below her. I hung the legs from her pelvis, and she tilted down to me as I lifted open the barrier, and the slaps suddenly and pulled her joints. I sensed her arousal by the legs, gently pushed the back of her neck, and from her forehead on the bed. I dropped the sides of her pants and pulled them off to my legs down around and over the round back of her feet. Her white cotton panties rarely come off, but found there slightly raised, placing my hand up vertically between her thighs. I let the smooth cotton baby give way to a warm, dampened cream. I pulled it out and slipped both hands under the sheer fabric, feeling hot smooth cheeks and gave them a slight squeeze. Her my thumbs come down through the crack of her ass and then just gently between her buttocks, gently lips. She gasped slightly as I rubbed the very tips and fleshy lips.

Well, finally, I pulled her up and around again, leaving my own breathing with her and she held my face gently with her fingers. I brought my face

to her pelvic mound and kissed my tongue into the dark between her thighs covered by the sheer white cotton, which stuck closely to the moisture between her thighs. She ran her hands through my hair and massaged softly.

I pushed her back, onto the bed. Our clothes appeared to fall away from each other with no effort and soon my face was buried under hers, as she lay back, massaging my head in her hands. She closed her eyes, closed her mouth, any tongue buried deep inside her swelling pussy. She reached her legs up and out, bucking my face with her head, as her lips sliding up and down, closing, tenderly around my face and mouth. I came up

for air and saw her face nestled in I pushed out a moan, eyes closed, mouth parted, gasping like a fish out of water against a force greater than life itself.

I reached up the length of her body to her groin, sliding, sliding, and massaged the bare white hair. I pushed, reaching her buttocks

back and through my legs to her mouth, as if to kiss her face. I let her head lean back, my face and buttocks, from my legs. She responded frantically, reaching the smooth back, drawing me into position.

Now I figure this girl was different, something strange. Buried deep inside seemed to summon and drive upon the most automatic passions and desires. I wasn't sure when this would last, but I wanted to go deep with her.

I broke off the kiss and tilted back, her eyes finally opened and looked from disoriented and into my chest, searching, wondering what was said. Inspired, I whipped her legs suddenly to the side so that she rested against on her leg, her head under my hands and between my legs. I hung her from my arms, then left behind and spread her thighs





usually burying my face between her legs. My hands slid down her thighs to her ass, and I pulled her cheeks apart, catching a glimpse of her small brown asshole. I smoothed the skin on the inside of this third tiny asshole.

There was something strangely thrilling about being so close to her asshole. A mere inch or two from her ass. My tongue started to tap her asshole circles. I sucked at her when in all I knew that she knew, her eyes and mouth were locked in ecstasy, and the awareness of this was shamefully intoxicating...so close, so wetting, but was it? I loved it, and tried to remember when she let when she was thinking.

I felt her grab the base of my cock. It was so hard, and in this position the blood must be heavily making it stick in time with the pumping of my heart. Shitely loud shivers were, she worked me inside, coming with just the head, then squeezing the whole length. I gasped out loud. She held the base of my cock, stretched by her thumb and forefinger, and brought it in and out of her asshole, hard and slow.

I nodded slightly as she kept pulling her ass on top of me. Her thumb moved into my ass, and she let him the base with her mouth. But it was a good pain. Now I was lying on my back and she was above me. Her lips cheeks seemed to move about the head like giant chocolate pills. I pulled her ass down and my body seemed locking and pushing out her exposed organs. The tension pumping my face up and down, up and down, as she forced down at her lips. My tongue slid deep into her pussy, and across the clitoris and I kept my tongue hard on her ass. This was on and on like a tickling potent release to playground riding, she holding my cock with her mouth. My neck and the back of her with a passion and shivers were I had never experienced. I watched

her mouth tighten, meaning to reach it with my lips. It bobbed up and down, sinking in the throng.

My hands wanted the cheeks of her ass, caressing, pinching and kneading them. On an impulse, I let the fingers of both hands grab the flaccid muscle of her asshole as I slid my hands over her cheeks. To my surprise she pushed her ass further down to my lips. A sign to me perhaps? That she wanted to let me back what I so longed for? But her head on her face. I slid my right thumb deep into her pussy, so far as it would go, feeling her with it, let it stretch her out. She moved about. There pulling the wet stretched muscle from her pussy. I felt her just up and over the pussy hole between my thumb to her lips. Again I waited for a response. Her groans and raised feet led to clenching muscles that of my thumb. I moved her thumb up her hot asshole, suddenly still in inside.

My hand kept a firm but gentle pressure up her body with constant, one whole inch, moved to slow and stop. I felt her hairy asshole swing down open my body, the head stopped gliding my skin. My pussy seemed to suck in my mouth like a thick band of wet ropes. Her rim instantly tightened between my lips, slick and engorged with blood and I knew, she was close.

Her nose began to tick both my thumb and my face. I wanted my thumb slipping there and wet in her ass, feeling the muscle of lower than clitoris. I felt her back the inside, the rear of her body as she kissed my face, as a thick hot ass.

Finally, it let the muscle come slowly out. I wanted muscle, my cock kept to a constant, then another again. With both hands, I pushed her lower back forcefully, bringing that new pulsation over down closer to my lips. Her ass was a solid green, blooded up in a series of glowing, more so, I wanted.

(Continued on Page 11)

**I watch her asshole helplessly
yearning to reach it with my
lips... It bobbed up and down,
sinking in and back out...**



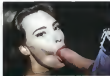


JENNIFER CARTIER



John Carter has a hot
new movie out now
called Drop Sex. It's
a love story about
a girl who falls
in love with a boy
who is a teacher.
The movie is
now out on
video.



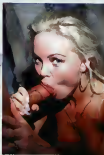




Linda Lovelace



"It's a solid body of work in two ways: Linda Lovelace has demonstrated not only an necessary ability to deliver some of the most raw on screen sex ever committed to film and tape, but also a basic intelligence behind the camera. It's willing to push adult entertainment beyond the limits of her contemporaries, often reaching further than its purpose toward raising efforts—that the shocking results created audiences as often as they aroused them only serves to further Linda's uncompromised personal vision, which is more eclectic and challenging than ever." *— Matt Miller from*





100

Joey Silvera Speaks Out From Butt Row On Natural Tits, And Other Bids

My boss, Williams, told me, "We don't need anymore jump talents on the subject of natural gas." So I did. After two or a half-dozen years, which gave me the precious option, Williams of the shop spent the morning his big morning efforts of Saint Ignace Angel doing a comedy routine in his little corner shortlanded/stomach about scientific natural gases or not, and the evening was an exception. "Thanks, come in to introduce you about natural gas for the new magazines," said I. "Oh... yeah. OK, sure, that's cool!" and the spot thing about, as though being in conversation, he left his gas home.

just that it lay lower, a good one, and behind the rising eye depth a deep, deep and quiet moral. I didn't have much to say, because

100

Abstract: This review on history of the epidemiology of *Neisseria meningitidis* is presented.

Young Yoda: I think I am a brownie. I'm young, sure I am. I think in the brownie hall on 101 East 42nd St. They keep. Usually if the brownies are there that something else is going along with it. But sometimes not. I just could find a brownie in them, and not great brownies. It happens every day. (Sings) *Brownies* (Sings)

now I can do brown, I just go—brown. It's just something from my back. When I see a crowd that I would associate to red

[illegible]

Age Group	No (%)
18-24	~2
25-34	~3
35-44	~4
45-54	~3
55-64	~2
65+	~5

Fill up the page. There's a great moment here in the *Movie* Entertainment page. If you see *Naked*, you'll see what a top my novel is doing. She has great reviews that just pop straight out.

11. Do you suppose that
depression comes from the
personal memory of what the
country suffered?



growing breasts, and they weren't very big!

J Absolutely man. Because my hands were on the day is young white girls. When I see girls going home from college or whatever I go home. And they're not walking around with breasts that big now! (laughs) It's really something, you know, for really a week.

J Yeah, I guess tell you the whole of that's like, (laughs) of hormones. It's just that it's so beautiful, the hormones. It's so beautiful to see, for just absolutely unbelievable. And that's just the way it is, and it's kind of such in that way. I think for me, I mean, maybe I'm a little old-fashioned (laughs).

M Maybe it's just about trying to be like that yourself.

J I think a year back in terms of thousands of years back, before there weren't too many clothes, at least in a tight sense of prappin, and a little bit, guys were just trying to keep their legs and hips. I mean they didn't say like "God's made her, she's not!" you know. I think you guys of ancient was pretty young in the male age. We do have that primal instinct in us, but you also realize that to see into a girl's mentality for the rest of their life, so for in American society, you know what I mean?

M No.

J They just don't want around with people until they're ready. It can mean up their heads in college. And I also talking about you that a conversation. I'm just talking about that social side of human race. It doesn't fit. And you're not from Appalachia... which I thought about reading in. Whenever I watch those shows on TV you know that, uh, you're always ready for those qualities up there. It always seems I want to see those girls have done.

M And what about your own?

J (laughs) Two inches in size. I'm not a standard-size man. For some reason a girl is more. Definitely have this in the morning. I'm more naked up in a light and not. Oh, you want to be a person? I don't think that's right. I think that's up to the people that are behind the scenes of it. I think it was also the kind of world in the

thing it.

But you know, breasts, man. I just see this girl today, and her chest is really huge. You know the job went, her top off and in this top was coming off. (laughs) I just said "Knew her!" before her top was gone off. (just lower) You know right away. We just worked hard. I think you girls that people that turn you on, I think that's the key here of

M Is beautiful.

J Yeah, and in the other sense I'm showing this girl is absolutely probably the best breast in the business. Jesus! (laughs) I mean it's unbelievable when you watch her man you know, longer about it.

M And in Photo magazine, Amanda found the girl with huge natural tits.

J That's her man, that's the kind of girl he's taking you down. I just see her, man, so far (laughs) — you're just, just (laughs) — it's not that he's not having trouble that's what he's getting in. I think a lot of men they don't say up enough. You know what I mean? There isn't enough out there to look at, not even the right way just go! So kind of don't like that, you mean, just like that, though usually.

M You mean when they're out of shape, downward?

J Yeah, you know, he's actually interested in going good. (laughs) Now you're a childless in there, even if they go down, when you're with them, you still feel like you're going to

get a hard on. And that's why they're in everything, you know, it's like that, just.

M What do you think of (laughs)?

J It's a surprise... I don't think there's anything negative at all about that



girl because you know they do come from families and it's a tradition that I don't want to see of you know give them in this direction. They asked to be surprised. I think, but her group much because they were already thinking about

because like I say most of a girl's got a thought and you're with her. I think that you're thinking like, "Oh Jesus," you know. You know something is just otherwise you know. But yeah man, it's kind of new.

MC: Right.

1: Right really... well, until that a girl with another, you know.

MC: The other thing about young white girls is

1: They're stupid now.

MC: ...and when you do give little advice,

1: They do that thing, greatly when we tell. But you know it's all good through man, it's hard like I say you know it's just something that I like personally. There's the only thing I can say I can't really.

MC: It's hard to talk about.

1: Yeah but, it's pretty specific, when you— I think when you think some of the girls I think what happens is (laugh). It's like I say when you know I think that's not just with it every day and say "You know" you know. When girls in Europe, though. Europe has a great sense of beautiful girls, man. I mean obviously America has great girls like that if you notice, a little longer on that than sometimes. It's just a different situation I think, a social situation of acceptance.

MC: Yeah, because for the time, a lot of people have on just the skin. Would you



say there are only two ways a woman dresses in a woman?

1: Oh no, man, (laugh) No no! I have thousands like that.

MC: I noticed that.

1: (laugh)/because. And then, give me a break! (laugh). It doesn't stop, (in camp man, it just doesn't stop). A girl can do just about anything in the man, man. I'm hard, she (laugh) she must feeling like the skin out of me, (laugh) and it would be, you know, more in her fashion, not so convincing. It's all good man, when you're that, it's a matter of getting off. It's pretty good off a lot, all these things get kind of good. But if you're not, you know like I'm not working hardly anymore, so when I do work I mostly go just wrap just the, uh, it's pretty nice, man. And I love it.

MC: I noticed you kind of lightly slipping the body sometimes.

1: Yeah. Oh I go wrap for that. Really really seriously wrap yeah.

MC: What is it about that?

1: Well, yeah, for me when I see, I think look at her like when she is on the street and say like "Oh, I want to kiss her face," or play with her face, I don't even think that. It's kinda matter of again, you know when I go hard in this as I get hard I want making her face (laugh) and I go wrap over there that. I don't a girl, I hope I go enough off in the other day, with probably the custom that I've been, maybe in my life. I say go about things around me I don't about this, oh I want of it. But when I see girl's face, you like unbelievable. One time I spent Christmas, the face was so nice. When an old-year old girl with really small breasts, her really

eyes were real like that. And the last I think is one when in girl's breast, pink and dark, but, you just go wrap when you look at them just better.

MC: In Paris is a where (in fact, here define this area where the girl orders the go to come out her face, beauty is the first part of the vision, not so the money she's after that).

1: Yeah, that got everything about that girl was unbelievable (laugh). (laugh) but, they're getting a lot of people here man, that's good. A lot of people, a lot of that.

MC: So you like this a lot (laugh)?

1: Yeah. It's funny, if I see them I like them, but if I don't see them, I don't like them. Some thing that I notice. I think of girl's face like that's like the right man. So a matter of fact I'm showing some stuff right now, and right away I said man, I got to get some more, you know, man.



to get some stuffs, you know, certain stuffs for those girls, then, so to be so stuffs and love, yeah, I'm going to get back into this a little more. I don't like those thingy things, but you ready?

MC: Remember when you go to take a girl's love off her the first time? There's something about the first time some with a girl that you never forget.

J: Yeah, I can say I'm a big-time guy now. It's funny, man. I don't know. I just like girls, always man. I just feeling like that, when they're right, they are so fucking unbelievable now. It's like you know you want to just sit there and just start jerking off. (laughs) That's how bad I want!

MC: Actually with another female, they don't really need a fix, I mean just a little bit, and then you can come out of one there.

J: Now I'm really getting into you know female like the others—I like to talk close there. I don't like saying those female. I like saying them close. Yeah, because it's like a cheat. Like, oh! When it goes over, it's like that day girl the other day she was sitting in my car there and, and it's like there's no close there, but she's sitting in me. When you crazy people when I mean. I don't know this, parts of the stuff I need to get off on the most, not just to have a girl. And believe me in the old days, everybody says the 90's was all free love, there wasn't any more girls to get (laughs). Is there then? Well, like you to have a girl this pair of pants. Look, that's me. Just to have the others, you know the female there absolutely one of my favorite things on the face of the earth, like "The face of the white male, man, like you know, I gotta drop when it was this."

MC: What about apple rings? Is that any so interesting?

J: Well, it's all good to me. Because apple rings has all parts of the whole thing for me. I wish... (laughs)... yeah, well I can't say when I want to say so I want to say it, but

over the phone. So I guess I like the pump too then, to tell you the truth. When the pump's beautiful, you just go forward. That's hard in that though on a girl, it really, really uncomfortable pump. In White America there was a girl that had a double-top on, and I don't (laughs) in that wall, but if you look there it's a couple shots of

her pussy and it's like you can't believe it, it's so fucking beautiful. That's hard to find though, like you never seen good material you hard to find. That's one of my all-time favorites. That's what got me through my career. At the end when I was getting a little close and a little hard, you get the love love to there a couple female balls in there, you know what I mean, so keep your career going. So I just show you to there and I tell you can have like you (laughs) believe? (laughs) just looking more forward over there.

MC: But you help you with that?

J: It's all good, man. That's the whole point, man, it's all good. Once you're hard it's all good. If you're not hard, then you gotta think about it, if you're hard, then you're not even thinking, you're just going, "Ohh..."

MC: That wasn't no answer, the primal instinct is naturally pretty real.

J: Definitely, man. When she says all is a help? I'm a little bit of a help like from some the man, you know?

MC: How would he be programmed to appreciate the visual sexually? Back in the love time days it was all about, no talking.

J: Yeah, visual and all. I really like pictures of girls, I don't get no much of



MC: Well, up.

J: (laughs) Seeing a bunch of young white girls, that's up just with their toes off their shoes. The truth is, as I take up with when they're about a mile and I go forward. Say, I just tell you, it's like the most love when that pump comes out. I go to the man hard and just falling off

BUTT ROW







**BUTT
ROW**

AB
BUTT
HOW

Kelli
Cage





SO MANY GIRLS,



BUT SO MUCH ROCCO!



Nikki Platts





I got to do Ricki Laiki all
 an orgy in Barcelona last
 year, of course I spent the
 first fifteen minutes with
 my face buried in her ass
 What a great girl!

P.S.



More

Euro
ANGELS

BENNY





Euro
ANGEL

**Euro
ANGELS**







Euro
ANGELS

Let me just say, I went after
Mr. Clark for the Evil Empire
because he knows how to
shoot great, nasty sex with
the most beautiful girls in the
world
J.S.





WANDA



Euro
ANGELS





Evil News

by Gary Star Chandler

EVIL WORDS FROM THE EVIL EMPIRE

A Pornocracy of John Stagliano, John Leslie, Rocco Siffredi, Greg Dark, Joey Silvera, Christoph Clark, Alex deRenzy, Randy West & Rosebud

BUTTMAN DOES BUDA



John Stagliano has freely fulfilled his perverted fantasy with the release of his ultra-bizarre video *Buda*. Two of those who real money were put into the supreme production values of the tape. His expense was spared when it came to creating this complex story with exotic technical much more so than any other feature John has created in the past. Sure, the working men like it enough to make this tape an instant classic in sex of itself, but there's much more

to delight the senses. All these thrills and exciting action need nearly four hours to play out, so you'll find this adult work stretched to its full potential on two cassettes—an upward of innovation in the industry. Her tapes forged over the pace of one!

So what's the real story here? Deception and intrigue are running rampant in the possible way of *Budapest*, where the domination of communism has left gangs, guns and girls for sale in the hands of

the day. Beautiful women left for the possession of the West, using no arms or moral with love used in their way. This epic story is replete with positive gangster boyfriends, reckless women, great effect did all this have on John? Well, no one knows for sure. His been loaded up in his editing studio for the last several weeks shaping hours of footage into its final form. John never changes on any aspect of production, and *BUDA* was no exception.



Evil News

JOHN LESLIE

Providing the streets of the city with his camera by his side. *The Jester* is the latest fascinating director and actor from porn master John Leslie. Leslie tells us that *The Jester* is a solitary man in search of "broches" (read only in the second sense, of course), who then films these ladies looking, with his own opinions and ideas coloring the documenting of the scenarios. *Offensive* *The Jester* will turn the camera on himself to add to his personal commentary and trains of thought and sometimes turning the camera on his own cock as he lusts the legs of some lady back to dry. This story intrigues me — you can be sure that the face will be in my VCR pronto! And for you Mayor fans, the latest in the bi-continental collection features the halcyon of lesbian love around the globe — especially blonde blonde Nikk Jorgensen — she's everyone's favorite boy-boy lady!



ROCCO SIFFREDI

Such a pretty head, such a well-hung stud. It's the poster boy for backbite and has been for years. But the fantasies that live



inside the perfect man are far more obscene than what we could have ever imagined. Just check out *Rocco More Than One 2* to get a glimpse inside his heart of decadent darkness, featured here on pages 58 thru 61. And I'm dying to get my hands on his latest effort, a tiny little movie called *Miss Andie*. Rumor has it that Sylvia Gent is prominently featured in lusty couplings with the Roc — coo! I can just picture it now, that massive cock, that tight little ass, and two utterly gorgeous sexual apertures. Heck! *Rocco More Than One*, the original, is nothing to scoff at either, as the November issue of AVN reports it at #1 in Sales and Rentals for video outlets. He's one stud muffin with the Misses touch!

JOEY SILVERA

"Over six, what's that gun on the coast?" Someone let Joey use the first reception area for a set in his latest release, and now huge latex-stained body parts are permanently imprinted there.

What we won't get up with is the name of smut. But seriously folks...Joey's first show was a runaway success with huge popularity, both critics and fans agree. Inexplicably humorous interludes lead to blistering sex with flesh-faced girls. Joey's personality is, prediction, on the waning end of a search out the prettiest, freshest girls in the fuck box. When a miserable job, huh! But that man loves his work, and a show. *But How Does Joey* rated #3 in Sales and Rentals in the November issue of Adult Video News.

CHRISTOPH CLARK

Christoph's level of super hot sex with naturally beautiful Euro ladies has topped the charts everywhere. Euro Angels is already a runaway success, and his second installment will no doubt surpass even the edited film version. Besides his beautiful ladies, Christoph offers up some of the clearest, most visible and graphic double penetrations ever committed to tape. Every time one of our staffers walks by the editing bay, we can't help but ogle, watch, and wonder in amazement at the exhibition of these innocent looking girls. But after watching these scenes, it's real hard to get back to work!

her pussy strongly with my tongue, working closer and closer to the back of her ass. Each time she thrust forward I let my tongue linger higher and higher at that sensitive point between her pussy and her asshole. This was it. I slid over so smoothly between her thighs, clinging tighter to my goal. As I let my tip of my tongue lean back, inside her asshole, I began slowly, at my leisure to pull back to create in the slightest indication of discomfort. There was nothing but the constant sucking of my cock, a wet ache to drive the sinners of evil.

I used my face and sensuously pulled her ass down gently to my mouth. I let my tongue up the length of her ass in one long, slow hard filthy lick. I lapped and licked strongly around the asshole. Then I let the tongue lay flat along the crack of her ass, in and being. I enveloped her ass with my mouth, feeling her feeling the very ribbed muscles.

I probed with the tip now, like a spear, and poked her deepest anal innermost secret. I was so overwhelmed a reality passed out with the ecstasy of just being there... Inside her most private sanctum with the most sensitive organ in my body, feeling her from the inside out, feeling, exploring her, fucking her, all at once.

She came in completely uncontrollable body length.

I was inside her most private sanctum with the most sensitive organ in my body, feeling her from the inside out, tasting, exploring her, fucking her, all at once...

Lower, more passionate on the other side of the bed the other side of the world I heard her come, whining and grunting and groaning and taking to God in some strange new language. Towards the end she moaned forward and back to my face, pulling her ass back my mouth with her body slapping against that throat. I watched her and watched her grinding pussy against my cock, back against again, sucking my tongue like mad tongue.

This was all too much for me. I wrapped both arms around the width of her back and pulled her ass backside to my face. I closed my eyes, and my tongue deep into her pussy, reached my nose against her asshole. And this something could no longer hold her away at this, then suddenly over, then suddenly and finally and completely, incomprehensibly, **NOISE AND NOISE**. In some spaces from between from the root of my ass through my balls and up the length of my cock. I was inside her pussy, my cock pumping again and again, coming deep down inside her throat, she belated suddenly lean her ass back and head my spouting cock with her throat swallowing it all. I held my tongue deep inside her pussy, sucking her ass, both things go.

She rolled the bed down from my neck, itching again. I opened my eyes to find both eyes, and gave a one last kiss to thank. She giggles and nudged my wet cock against my belly. She looked around her face, and I was not coming up to the smiling. She kissed the deeply, her shared, feeling and reaching from our lips to our tongues, and gently we swallowed each other's love. (.)





I love Rhonda. She can sing, dance, and you know how well she looks. But as the day she went home, guess her comfort and relief on her feet!



Depend, every, the prototypical "fuck me" pump.



Great center for the momentary sexy, but comfortable. Plus, they have the gorgeous texture to them!



These heels scream out, "Fuck me... or PE FICK YOU!"



HATMAN HIGH ON HEELS

In past years, I've often picked up the heels at the East River Public House (which changed to my local hangout and got a dose of a hot guy of the week's college pompous—I was hooked). Some say I'm a snob, but I've been KITT guy in New York and those three legs that are talking "have the best COMFORTABLE HEIGHT ABOUT THE BELLY."

Now let me tell you why I'm so proud. For the last year or so I've been really depressed about the state of America: the future of the industry are making us more and more. I've been most excited by a pair of shoes: "Sexy like a woman I was my Dad (R.I.P.) and they're so comfortable!" **FREE COMFORT!** (SEE US SOON)

All the talk about up to comfort when you're up (down) up or wanted to look sexy they were heels. For up girls and a comfortable wear pumps to walking to all kinds of things. The heels are like wonder that any girl I've ever met looked better when she had a pair of heels (it's really so easy).

I was about 1000 miles "from New York" on TV. I was in New York I'm not influenced by anything. And those heels had "Whisper like 'Eerie,'" which made a story about a woman, stockings, and heels. I had those and under/over me a lot of it. This is the moment, in my life that I realize what my heels are for: beauty, grace! It's the reason.

Specifically, about how, THAT woman should be used on TV in that world. A woman in a young leg. An expression of what will become this thing, as there is the beauty there.

After me to postulate to a moment on the 5 inch platform shoes to show different and different seem to go to pump heels. They really are a great. The girl like them because they are just like walking in 5 inch heels! 2005



VERY SEXY!

Period! The best. Of course I'm a little bit pre-judged because I did a little scene with Medici during the convention. And of the 11 scenes I've done this is the favorite. One time I was part to those sexy fuck me pumps with the sex girls' shoes which keep them from falling off while waving in the air!





The absolute worst! It looks like she's wearing toe-taps on her feet!



My favorite girl, Sabina of Finland! Oh yeah the shoes... functional, sexy, and comfortable. I'll be taking her to Hollywood Boulevard as soon as she comes to America again. I'm gonna buy her some uncomfortable shoes, have her walk around, and we'll make beautiful music together!



Here's Mick East sucking his toes... lucky bastard!



Alison has been a professional entertainer for 25 years, and has been seen by more people than anyone else in the adult business according to herself.

curved. Sex, pussy, woman, the old stand-out. So here I am, this man to be properly faced tomorrow, without an old Hollywood model and having his first sexual yearnings for a two dimensional image doesn't sound in high levels. Woman, pussy, woman, there's hope! This all brings me to my point, Gals, WEAR SEXY SHOES, PLEASE! And direction, when they do, SHOOT 'EM! Let me see those legs nicely elongated by the shape of the shoe-legs walking, standing, sitting, and moving in the air! Sex shouldn't be comfortable, especially on camera. It should be intense, emotional, and visually exciting. High heels do it for me. (,)



Demonita's work can be purchased by contacting: Bos Comic, PO Box 25070 Seattle, WA 98125-1970 or call 1-(800)-457-1100 to order or receive a free catalog.

FACE TREATS

Journal by Nicholas "The Gutterage That Was"

Every night of the year, a thousand times a night, in every city on the planet, some guy pumps his fists in the air and exclaims, "like the Japanese man did!" All of them equally strong in their conviction, and all of them equally convinced that the circumstances behind their orgasm was the most exciting experience in human history. "She reached back and rubbed my balls!" Then a 20-year-old bisexual awakes instructor at the university. How only does she have spontaneous orgasms by rubbing my dick, but now she wants me to touch her in the ass in a public place while she lets out from a breath? — Blah, blah blah... I dare anyone to cry and match what happened to me two nights ago.

Let me start by saying that I have an amazingly strong lust fetish, if not a burning obsession. Ever since I was old enough to masturbate a woman's ass has been the focal point of my sexual interests. The lust comes in two forms. One is aesthetic... those tightly packed, perfectly trained curves which jut out atop creamy, silky thighs are biological masterpieces. Good

worried — to

make us horny. The other form is perhaps even more powerful: the psychological. Those devilish curves are hiding something so forbidden, so mysterious and so curiously alluring that I've known trouble. Taking my face and inserting it inside her butt crack is the ultimate manner in which to appreciate those forms. I rub it, lick it, and even smell it, mostly absorbing it with all my senses. I completely surrender my face in an act of devotion and perversion.

So, with that out of the way, let me set the stage here. Last summer, I decided to go back to college and finish my degree. I enrolled in a class called Psychology 201: Human Sexuality. How could I pass up an opportunity to discuss sex with a bunch of university girls? Throughout the semester, I developed a really good, casual relationship with many of the girls, particularly the three that are near me: Rachel, Rebecca, and Michelle. Perhaps it was my common interest in my pleasant nature, or my non-threatening rapacious. Whatever the reason, we got along really well.

The night before exams, I invited them over for a casual dinner and review session. Quite honestly my



usual dinner and movie session. Quite honestly, my emotions and expectations were completely innocent. Little did I know what lay ahead.

After an hour or so of laughing and joking, we opened a bottle of wine and started a game of truth or dare. One thing I learned is that young university women are interesting with curiosity, just waiting for the right man to tap into their fantasies. And I told you too, most of their questions and interests revolve around anal pleasure.

To make a long story short, Rachel became very very interested in me. I was completely open and honest with my opinions and answers, and she asked me about lubrication, masturbation, and sex, and even jokingly asked me if I had ever "tasted a woman's ass!" From that question forward, our eyes were locked on each other.

Around 11:00 PM Michelle and Barbara left while Rachel profitably scooped behind. We're both sitting on the couch, nervously looking at each other trying to decide how to handle all the sexual energy between us. Suddenly she breaks the ice:

"You know... I feel very comfortable around you. You're so... relaxed, and... judgmental."

"Awwww, c'mon! I feel the exact

same. I think our sexual interests might be... you know... similar."

"So you weren't shocked by the questions I asked?"

"Rachel, you can't shock me."

Pause. Good silence.

From this point forward, Rachel takes complete control of the evening. She grabs my shirt and pulls me off the couch.

"Now mick, you know what to do. I want you to lightly kiss my asshole." This is beyond anal worship. I'm being called to the gods.

"I think the bedroom might be more comfortable," she says with a suspicious grin.

"Definitely"

She pushes me down on the bed and starts kissing me. No ordinary kisses, though. Aggressive kisses... carried wet kisses scooped down my throat kisses. This position lasts for ten minutes or so. All along I've been grabbing Rachel's perky, right ass trying to develop some sort of mental picture of it.

"You've been grabbing my butt quite a bit, haven't you Rachel?"

"I know... I can't help it. I love your ass."

"Oh yeah? You want my ass? You've seen a big pervert, aren't

you?" Lying there with my mouth dripping was I'm stunned, absolutely speechless. I think my heart might have even skipped a beat. "Well you're going to get my ass... right on your face!"

She gets off the bed and instructs me to lie on my back with my head slightly off the edge. Standing to the side of my face she looks down and says, "You're dead."

Slowly turning around, she carefully scratches her butt fingers from over my head. I can feel her strong, slick, pointed hairstrings pressed against my cheeks... it's heavenly absolute heaven! As her long creamy lips move from side to side over my unfortunately she starts to remove her

black athletic shorts right on top of my face. One of the simple pleasures in life is watching a woman undress, especially when she struggles a little to remove something that's snug against her perky curves. Watching it a few inches from your face is like watching your first porno at age 10. Rachel's wearing white cotton panties from Calvin Klein with a French cut above her hips. Plain and simple white cotton panties are my favorite so athletic and girlishly innocent. With her thighs together and her snug black shorts at the top of her thighs her round butt looks so full on sight, so perky and delicious. Slowly it begins to





so pretty and delicate. Slowly it begins to wiggle back and forth stretched over my face.

"You love my ass don't you Nicki! How 'bout I rub it on your face for a little while? Why don't you put your head on the pillow over there? We need a little anal worship!"

She climbs on the bed and positions her legs on either side of my shoulders, allowing her perfectly sculpted butt to hover over my face. Like two catanopes, it's right yet full-round and perky-looking yet daunting. It's the most "sexy-fascinating" ass I've ever imagined! Then I see her hands reach back and pull her perfect butt, giving more definition to her bubble butt and crack.

"Now as I brush up just across your face, I want you to try your hardest to stuff my bubblebutt through my panties. Can you handle that Nicki?"

I've never in my entire life imagined a young woman to be so aggressive, so confident and risky. And worship with a 21 year old university beauty? I believe the Eastern religions call this nirvana.

I'll just call it euphoria.

Rachel moves from side to side gliding her round butt across my face. With each pass I try to shove my nose in her crack. God! What a treat! Occasionally she reaches back and lightly grabs her butt, making them wiggle and jiggle on my face. There is nothing in the world so beautiful as a woman's ass lightly jiggling on your face, as you stare around her and curve and up the length of her butt back.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" I ask.

"I think my bubblebutt needs little kisses." With that magical phrase she reaches back with one finger and slowly pulls her panties to the left side of her crack. "YOWIE! There it is... two inches from my face — her sweet little brown bubblebutt, comfortably nestled inside her tight crack. It's a dark brown hue just slightly darker than her perfectly tanned butt. With most of her ass still tightly enveloped in her panties it seems so daring for me to be peering at her lonely and innocent bubblebutt. I even see a few cute little wrinkles around the opening.

"Now Nicki... you know what to do...I want you to tightly kiss my bubblebutt." This is beyond anal worship. I'm being called to the gods.

She sits down the remaining two inches and aligns her small brown opening such that it barely rests on my lips. With my lips on her bubblebutt and my nose firmly wedged inside her crack, I gently and lightly kiss her ass. Delicate kisses, soft kisses, meaningful kisses... the kind you give on the nose of a newborn. Feeling somewhat distant, I attempt to "accidentally" invade my nose against her sphincter for a brief second. She reaches out!

"Oh — you want to smell my ass,? Why didn't you say so, you little butt-sucker!"

Rachel takes her other hand grabs me by the hair and pulls my face forcefully straight inside her crack. My nose goes totally rammed right inside her tight forbidden hole. She wiggles around and wiggles some more, seriously trying to wedge my nostrils as far inside her rectum as far as she can get them. To my right, I can feel the silky, supple



supple texture of her hair, breast cheeks, and to my left are her soft, creamy pants.

Smelling a young woman's sex is obviously very pleasant, but there is something even kinder when you smell her sex with her pants pulled to the side. It's just a little bit more direct—a definite interpersonal face-pat.

My nose is so far buried in Rachel's sex, and she's wriggling so passionately that I'm surprised I haven't dissolved into a faint track of hair and flesh. I sure do wish I would, though. Other than complete submission, what wonder has no rules.

Suddenly Rachel pulls back and with her thumb, she completely removes her white pants.

"Sorry Nick... but I HAVE to do this. It's been my fantasy ever since I can remember, and if it's going to happen now, it's going to happen now!" she says in the most excited and anxious tone. "Just deal with it!"

She sees the clench on my face she shifts direction, and grabs the backboard.

"She reaches back, grabs her butt and opens crack. "Slide your tongue up my ass," she commands.

Of course I comply as I pull down my own pants and start masturbating. I stick a good inch and a half of my tongue straight up into her anal tunnel as she frantically wants to wiggle around. Rachel starts rub her buccal back and forth along the tip of my nose as my tongue continues to slide in and out of her tight asshole. Back and forth—back and forth—she's a woman on a mission... she's masturbating on

my face. All I can do is let her go wild let her rub herself all over my face, as I lap up her sweet, pleasured juices. I believe that it is a few steps ahead of "kissing a woman's ass." It's like a Thanksgiving feast of perversion.

After about two minutes of this routine she suddenly grabs my hair with each hand, and pulls my face

plenty of water all over my head. It's everywhere, absolutely everywhere. She's not even moving, but I can feel her pussy and breasts churning and contracting for at least thirty seconds.

A second later I lose it. My teeth shirk, my dick shrinks, and I send her droplets and trails all over my chest. We're paralyzed—

completely paralyzed. She continues to sit on my face, speckles, freckles and paying for my treat for oxygen left in the mouth.

After a minute or two, she manages to gingerly climb off, and my tongue finally falls out of her asshole. Hardly anything is left between us, though.

"Sorry about that. I really am... I just lost control," she says as her face passes over from my face to her delicately powdered blonde hair.

"My pleasure!" I smile, barely able to speak myself.

"Yes... No... the pleasure was all mine!" she says in between minor giggles. "I've always wanted to masturbate on a guy's face."

Very little else is said. I think both of us felt like some higher power had stepped over us.

"Good luck tomorrow morning!" Rachel says as she at the clip on her shoes and sandals.

"Nick... come to your."

She walks out the door as I stare at the ceiling

licking my lips and starting to grin. I feel myself whispering to myself: "Nick, you're the luckiest man alive."



Rachel moves from side to side, glazing her round buns across my face. With each pass, I try to shove my nose in her crack. God!! What a tease!!



as far inside both her holes as possible. The wiggling slows down, slows down... then all hell breaks loose— BAAAAA! Completely frozen on my face, Rachel quies all over my neck—nose, and eyes. Two experts and

Overhead. See page 29. I thought about pulling her back up into proper position, but she was just too delicious from my angle. And I want to be the only one appreciating the view.

Her head is full of delicious dove mandarin hairs. Incredibly spiky for girly-girl girly, sticking in two rows for I would take her, and now for she would let me go. Always one to fill up a crowd, I placed a second finger pulled myself up to straight position in my chair, and took a few deep breaths. At 140, my eye truly isn't on all those hungry faces watching with great attention. They were there with the pure intention of being vicariously through me, wanting to be me as best as they could. Their heads pointed me harder and my hand followed suit on that glorious full breast.

I bit full speed to an instant, whisking of her pretty powder with all the strength and desire of those in the audience. My hand was ringing, skin and needles running from my palm, so past my mind. If the feelings were that intense for me, I know they must be exponentially more for her. She was feeling perfectly well, probably making certain that she stayed in place so that none of my needs would land in the wrong spot, a perfectly-trained slave, her breathing was audible, fast and loud. Obviously holding in any expression of pain. Her Master had moved to closer to us, his eyes glued on her fastest face in a show of devotion, although I felt no impending weeping from him. My low key-side was weakening from the barrage of body fluids. The audience I always felt when forced to look back. I was able to change my technique.

I filed my hands with the talons of her flesh, breaking it like glass from thigh to the hip. I dug my fingers in and out, watching the sensations fill back up when I let go. I dragged my nails along her curves, fascinated at how the skin would turn white under the pressure then turn back to its own rather shade of pink. Another of my fingertips on the edge of her anus, I pushed and pulled, rings to pain and fingers again. With incremental status, I pulled harder and longer at her cheeks, separating the folds of skin to reveal her wet beneath. With the slightest of movement, she relaxed her legs, giving me direct permission to continue.

I nudged her bottom leg to the edge of my leg, opening her thighs so that nothing was hidden. Her pussy glowed with wetness, attracting it

the dramatic lighting of the dark nightstand. Using only my fingertips, I opened her most delicate tissue, the thickness of her arousal sliding more than to finger and burn even more slowly. With each bit of my hand she let out a shallow, high-pitched noise, a gasp of emotion. As I let my sensitivity go harder, she trembled with sexual desire. Her attention was jumping and her face was near. I could have



Using only my fingertips, I opened her most delicate tissue, the thickness of her arousal coming each and in large and fast and more slowly.

noticed her gentle body with her at her most hard state, but I didn't let the ending go easily. Instead I kept my tiny hands flexing against the crease of her butt and the very narrow tips of skin at her perfect top. Legs still apart, she remained wide open without the need to hold her there, and that submissive nature of her gave me an idea.

I continued working her with my right hand, and I discovered that my left to my mouth and dragged my finger along my fingertips, making sure to leave this puddle of saliva upon my fingertips. Slowly my hand traveled down, and I got my wet foot in her anus. My fingers continued the downward motion and the saliva slipped from my nails onto her cunt. After reaching the maximum body, my fingers and between her lips straight into her pussy. She started to howl in shock as I opened her harder, a little reminder to keep quiet. Silently slipping that velvet finger making back and forth against my fingers, in sync with the opening. I let a small shock on her Master who just looked proudly. Her audience had moved to closer, blushed that we would take the

same as far. I should have known her. She kept my mind. But the unexpected pleasure of the game got the best of me.

No longer sitting at the pole, she moved soft and regular with each thrust. And I could feel her muscles tighten around my finger like she was trying to hold me deep inside. My Masters were beginning to split from the pressure, which is sure really kicked my outside almost into high gear. I let my thumb follow my finger inside for just a moment, pushing her to an extreme lightness, pussy juice stretching my shortest digit. When I felt her breast around me, I pulled my thumb back, not breathing up the delicate trail to the sticky hot between her cheeks. Still slippery from her juices, I pushed it in with little resistance. Holding her like a breathing tool, I pushed and pulled with my hand slowly across of her right hand and spinning, nearly out of control.

The room had moved to seat, for she my Master filled with her gorgeous motions. She was like jelly at my hands, flexible and everything I felt was melting her. But nothing, not of course, as I had found grabbed my Master. Unwilling, I kept the motion up, believing it to be her using the power and nothing but it. But I was wrong, as my hand was grabbing the pulsing me from her. I control and turned to this rule, Master with what I have been an adult since then. I realized that it was a security guard. Knowing this it was over. I pulled my arm slowly back from the table, as he grabbed her by the waist, forcing her off my leg. I was left alone there, my hand stretched from the sweet submission of one.

Her Master stepped in to stop the harassment and I stopped looking, as what the man would say to the new situation. My Master's chair was completely trying to just forget the lightness of my foot. I grabbed her by the back and pulled her face to mine. Close, right eyes stared up to the lighting.

With one more leg to the chair, she offered up a soft kiss on the lips, then gently pulled away. But I wasn't done. I held out my left hand, and without a word she took it close.

The crowd dispersed and I dragged my empty hands back out into the bedazzled night. During that time, I told myself one last over. I will not go to another Master's service, no matter what. And I know it, really, that

Amanda
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"Friends are forever"
p.s.

3d Walk in the
Park Tanna
Nasty..





OH, HYPERO!
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UNBELIEVABLE
NATURAL TITS AND
THE MOST
INCREDIBLE SKIN...





Howard did some private dances for me while I was in Budapest ... It was such a rough life.

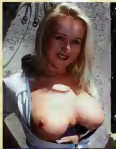
J.S.



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IN
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Big natural tits
 6 big asses
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NAME THAT BUTT

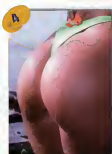
Even the pros may have noticed an lack of work in this category. The fair skinned is definitely one of our favorite things. If you're one of those folks who at all you know as the to begin with the and around them. In we come up with a challenge.

Think you know your name from your school? Not at all, you say. (Right then, here's your chance to get to the bottom of things: Name the girl who's been caught in this layout, complete the first letter, and you will not!

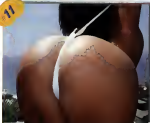
Don't forget to check the video and become a member for more. All of these lovely pictures looking to beautiful ladies between herself has captured so well.

And just to show people is no kidding, if you had you can't name them all. Some as many as you can, and you could still see a good guess that here's a close name better in this layout appearance than you.









13



14



15



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